War. Nor now my ſcandall *Richard* doſt thou heare,
For thou ſhalt know that this right hand of mine,
Can plucke the Diadem from faint *Henries* head,
And wring the awefull ſcepter from his fiſt:
Were he as famous and as bold in warre,
As he is famde for mildneſſe, peace and praier.

Rich. I know it well Lord *Warwike* blame me not,
Twas loue I bare thy glories made me ſpeake.
But in this troublous time, whats to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coates of ſteele,
And clad our bodies in blacke mourning gownes,
Numbring our *Auemaries* with our beades?
Or ſhall we on the helmets of our foes,
Tell our deuotion with reuengefull armes?
If for the laſt, ſaie *I*, and to it Lords.

War. Why therefore *Warwike* came to find you out,
And therefore comes my brother *Montague.*
Attend me Lords, the proud inſulting Queene,
With *Clifford*, and the haught *Northumberland*,
And of their feather many mo proud birdes,
Haue wrought the eaſie melting king like waxe.
He ſware conſent to your ſucceſsion,
His oath inrolled in the Parliament.
But now to London all the crew are gone,
To fruſtrate his oath or what beſides
May make againſt the houſe of *Lancaſter.*
Their power *I* geſſe them fifty thouſand ſtrong.
Now if the helpe of *Norffolke* and my ſelfe,
Can but amount to 48. thouſand,
With all the friendes that thou braue earle of *March*,
Among the louing Welſhmen canſt procure,

Why

Why via, To London will we march amaine,
And once againe beſtride our foming ſteedes,
And once againe crie charge vpon the foe,
But neuer once againe turne backe and flie.

Rich. I, now me thinkes I heare great *Warwike* ſpeake:
Nere maie he liue to ſee a ſunſhine daie,
That cries retire, when *Warwike* bids him ſtay.

Edw. Lord *Warwike*, on thy ſhoulder will I leane,
And when thou faints, muſt *Edward* fall:
Which perill heauen forefend.

War. No longer Earle of *March*, but Duke of *Yorke*,
The next degree, is Englands royall king:
And king of England ſhalt thou be proclaimde,
In euery burrough as we paſſe along:
And he that caſts not vp his cap for ioie,
Shall for the offence make forfeit of his head.
King *Edward*, valiant *Richard*, *Montague*,
Stay we no longer dreaming of renowne,
But forward to effect theſe reſolutions.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The Duke of *Norffolke* ſends you word by me,
The *Queene* is comming with a puiſſant power,
And craues your companie for ſpeedie councell.

War. Why then it ſorts braue Lordes. Lets march away.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter the *King* and *Queene*, Prince *Edward*, and the Northerne Earles, with drum and Souldiers.

Quee. Welcome my Lord to this braue town of *York*,
Yonders the head of that ambitious enemie,
That ſought to be impaled with your crowne.

Doth